

Good Morning 428

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"Cup o' Cha!
Small Woods!
Two Wads!"
"DON RICARDO"
says here to-day...

BE THEY AT HOME



NAAFI TAKES KICKS—DELIVERS GOODS

WHEN you get a cup of cha and a wad in a N.A.A.F.I. you often sit down, if you are alone, and muse, "Someone's making a packet out of us—weak tea and hard cakes." How do I know you do that? I've done it myself, many times. Everyone does. Because I have done it so many times, I decided to see who really did make the money that goes over the counter from every Service man and woman. So I started at the very beginning.

I have ignored the canteen serving Naval establishments, because you know about them, so, although the fundamental laws control all sections of the organisation, I am dwelling for the greater part upon services rendered to other branches of the Services.

THE seed of N.A.A.F.I. was sown in 1894, when three Army officers, tired of a corrupt and chaotic canteen system that in many cases "rooked" the troops, met to devise a better plan. Army canteens at that time were in the hands of private contractors. Huge fortunes were made at the expense of the serving men. Corruption was rife. Dishonest canteen stewards became a music hall joke, while the extortionate prices, inferior goods and dingy premises all cried out for reform.

The three young officers scraped together £400 and founded the historic Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society with the object of buying canteen goods in bulk and returning any profits to the regimental canteens which supported it. From the beginning the new society flourished. Its first year's turnover was under £5,000. Yet, five years later, during the South African War, that figure had risen to £265,000.

In the last war the society was merged into the famous Expeditionary Force Canteens, which took the field on all fronts—in Flanders, Italy, Mesopotamia, Gallipoli and Salonika—and supplied troops with anything from a button to a cinema show throughout the last three years of hostilities.

At home, the official canteen organisation came into being on January 1st, 1917, and was originally known as the Army Canteen Committee, later developing into the Navy and Army Canteen Board, which took over the whole of the Expeditionary Force Canteens in 1919. Out of the profits earned by these two organisations, the sum of £7,200,000 was paid to the United Services Fund, in addition to £6,500,000 paid as a rebate during the war, and over £2,000,000 in miscellaneous grants for the benefit of British and Colonial Forces.

With the outbreak of the present war N.A.A.F.I. moved smoothly to a war footing. Its task was grimmer; the demands made upon it at times seemed insuperable; but it answered the call with titanic effort, and despite all the difficulties and restrictions of a nation at war, has contrived to expand to more than twenty times its normal size with extraordinary success.

For millions of men—and today the women of the Auxiliary Services—the amenities of Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes have helped to soften the blow of the transitional period from civilian to Service routine, filling the gap in the daily life of the new sailor, soldier and airman that was formerly occupied by his club, his "local," his nightly game of darts or cards, his billiards saloon, his pet tobacco shop, his favourite restaurant, his snack bar, his sing-song parlour, his cinema, even his music hall.

OR—BE THEY
ABROAD—



N.A.A.F.I. maintains for him these links with the days of peace, and he soon finds himself speaking familiarly of "Naffy," accepting it as a matter of course and taking kicks at it.

In their history, constitution and present function the Institutes are unique. Others have studied the system—notably the U.S.A.—but N.A.A.F.I. remains the only organisation of its scope and character in the world; an officially promoted catering concern for all sailors, soldiers and airmen, a gigantic grocery-cum-restaurant business, with no private capi-

overseas theatres.

The E.F.I. — N.A.A.F.I. personnel serving in the R.A.S.C. for operations overseas—was in France, Norway, Greece, Crete, Libya, Hong Kong, Malaya and Singapore throughout the defence and evacuation of these areas, remaining in Tobruk throughout its sieges, and in Singapore with the rear-guard forces. Detachments of E.F.I. swiftly followed our assault troops into Tunisia, Sicily and Italy. A squad of E.F.I. men was operating at the Anzio beach-head within a week of the initial landings.

L/S Dan Conroy— Here's luck from "Windmill"

THERE'S a little pub down Portsmouth way called "The Windmill," at Grafton Street, which will be well known to the stokers of H.M. Submarine "Tantalus."

The other day we had a letter from Leading Stoker Dan Conroy, suggesting we should look in and see how all the folk there were getting on.

Well, Dan, here's the result—a group of some of your old pals outside the pub, raising their glasses to the very good health of yourself and all the ship's company.

Of course, that's your wife, Ethel, in the centre of the picture, and Michael, too, as chirpy as a cricket. Incidentally, his little operation for tonsils and adenoids was most successful. He is also doing well at school.

That's Mrs. Udy to the left of Mrs. Conroy, and Mrs. Welsh on the right, next to Landlord Harry Welsh. You will also be able to pick out Tom, Fred, and Bert Hill, Harry Pebbles, Bert Udy and others.

The darts tournament is still



To-day, N.A.A.F.I. operates canteens, buying offices or warehouses, in Aden, Algeria, Australia, Azores, Bahamas, Bermuda, British Somaliland, Canada, Ceylon, Cyprus, Cyrenaica, Egypt, Eritrea, Falklands, Faroes, Gambia, Gibraltar, Gold Coast, Iceland, Iran, Iraq, Italy, Italian Somaliland, Jamaica, Kenya, Madagascar, Malta, Mauritius, Morocco, Nigeria, North Russia, Palestine, Rhodesia, Sicily, Sierra Leone, South Africa, Sudan, Syria, Tanganyika, Trinidad, Tripolitania, Tunisia, U.S.A., and Vaagso Island.

Before being sent overseas, men of the E.F.I. undergo a concentrated course of military training and canteen practice at N.A.A.F.I.'s depot in London, whence several thousand men have already gone to the various fronts. Though allocated for canteen duties, these men are soldiers, subject to military discipline, and wearing the uniform and bearing the ranks of the R.A.S.C. to which they are attached.

Similarly, N.A.A.F.I. female personnel are enlisted in the A.T.S./E.F.I. for service overseas, and undergo a thorough course of training, both at an A.T.S. training centre and at their own depot in London, before being drafted. Several hundred of these N.A.A.F.I. girls are already serving in the Middle East, and a pioneer detachment reached Italy at the end of 1943.

N.A.A.F.I. service overseas has not been achieved without serious loss in both personnel and stocks. By the beginning of 1944 N.A.A.F.I. personnel serving in the R.A.S.C./E.F.I. or with the Naval Canteen Service in all but the smallest of H.M. Ships had suffered over 600 casualties in killed, missing and prisoners of war. The day of the "canteen wallah" safely tucked away at the base is a thing of the past.

The outbreak of the present war marked the first occasion in our war history in which a fully equipped canteen service went into action with the fighting men from the first day of war, and since then it has pressed hard upon the heels of our successive Expeditionary Forces.

hopes you will again bring all the ship's company along. He promises a "slap-up" celebration. He only wishes there was a chance of making "The Windmill" bigger.

Mrs. Conroy has had your cable saying "Letters received," and is very glad to know that they are getting through. Fondest love from home, Dan.

This has been an achievement unique in British warfare. The Boer War had found our war machine defective and tardy in its preparation for a canteen service. Even in 1914, many months went by before a properly organised system of field canteens was introduced.

In September, 1939, however, while the first detachments of British troops were on their way to France, some five hundred picked men of the N.A.A.F.I. staff went out to form the vanguard of Expeditionary Force Institutes. Before the evacuation, their numbers had expanded to nearly 3,000.

In that period they had succeeded in opening about 230 canteens and establishing throughout France a chain of warehouses, offices, bulk issue stores, factories, railhead stores and transport depots. Thousands of tons of goods had been sent from Britain and distributed over the scattered centres. Necessaries, comforts and recreation were provided for hundreds of thousands of troops, and a smooth-running canteen service established almost up to the firing line. Indeed, cinema shows—to mention but one amenity—were given in the Maginot Line itself.

Sports goods to the value of £40,000 and newspapers to the value of £10,000 were issued free to the troops.

Canteen premises are provided by the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry, and it is the task of N.A.A.F.I. to find necessary stock, furnishings and staff to make the best of the accommodation provided. This latter varies considerably—from a brick-built establishment with well-appointed restaurant, bar-lounge, billiards, darts, table tennis, wireless, pictures and mirrors on the wall, rugs on the floor, and flowers on the table, to a humble establishment—on less-favoured sites—of the wooden hut, disused shop or village-hall type. The most humble of modern premises, however, are palatial in comparison with the cramped, noisome drinking dens which passed for Army canteens in Victorian times.

It must always be remembered that the Corporation is obliged to establish an institute wherever a Commanding Officer shows that the strength of his personnel exceeds the minimum for which a canteen service must be provided as required by War Office regulations. The Corporation has no choice in the matter. However remote and uneconomic the site, however costly and difficult the business of supplies, whether such an establishment runs at a profit or loss.

In the realms of sport and indoor recreation, N.A.A.F.I. plays an important part. Gymnasia and playing fields of the Forces are almost exclusively equipped by N.A.A.F.I., whose Sports Department, supplying hundreds of thousands of sets of games equipment and sportswear annually, also devises new types of utility apparatus, and even new methods of training.

The replacement of valves in wireless sets used communally by isolated units; the testing of webbing equipment cleaner and tenting canvas by the analysts in N.A.A.F.I.'s laboratory—these are but two of the hundred-and-one "odd jobs" performed by the Corporation

at the request of the Service Ministries.

Through the agency of N.A.A.F.I., thousands of books were placed in the hands of our troops in Iceland to while away the long nights of their first Arctic winter.

In certain Middle East canteens N.A.A.F.I. operates a free library system, and has introduced wall-maps so that troops may follow the course of the war. Then, when our Iceland troops were denied English-style beer through the country's prohibition law forbidding an alcohol-content of more than two per cent., it was the Officer Commanding Expeditionary Force Institutes who persuaded Iceland's Premier to amend the law on behalf of the Forces. Nearer home, another incidental N.A.A.F.I. service is the establishment of Information Bureaux, where members of the Forces may obtain times of buses and trains, film and theatre programmes, and other local information.

So far as Service requirements are concerned, N.A.A.F.I. is something of a "universal provider." More than half of the actual messing for the Army and R.A.F. is obtained from N.A.A.F.I., including such items as bacon, offal, sausages, butter, rice, oatmeal, fruit, vegetables, cereals, eggs, pies, fresh milk, canned meat, fish, and a wide range of culinary adjuncts, e.g., cooking fats, sauces, baking powder, various condiments and flavourings.

It is not until the serving man is drafted overseas, however, that he fully realises what a vital part N.A.A.F.I. plays in his life. Beneath a tropic sun, the canteen service which, at home, he may have taken for granted, becomes a boon and a blessing. Whenever he makes a fresh landing, he finds N.A.A.F.I. close on his heels, first opening bulk-issue stores—in tents or ingeniously improvised cover; then—as the situation becomes more settled—acquiring, stocking and staffing large premises as static canteens offering the finest food, entertainment and club-like facilities obtainable anywhere.

So there you have it all—little imagination is needed to understand how much the battle-weary, footsore infantryman appreciates N.A.A.F.I., or how glad are air-crews to settle down in a comfortable leather chair after hectic strafing trips.

In all, I think N.A.A.F.I. does a great job, and it's right to say that wherever the tide of war may flow, wherever British Forces need rest and refreshment at home, abroad or at sea, N.A.A.F.I. will be at hand, upholding its motto, "Servitor Servientium"—"The Servant of Those who Serve."

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

WHITE MAN'S CURSE

AFTER having been in port twenty-one days we sailed for San Pedro, where we arrived on the following day.

Here we found the *Ayacucho* and the *Pilgrim*, which last we had not seen since the 11th of September—nearly five months; and I really felt something like an affection for the old brig which had been my first home, and in which I had spent nearly a year, and got the first rough and tumble of a sea-life.

I went on board the first night, after supper, and found the old cook in the galley, playing upon the fife which I had given him as a parting present.

We both got under way on the 4th, she bound up to San Francisco again, and we to San Diego, where we arrived on the 6th.

I spent one evening, as had been my custom, at the oven with the Sandwich Islanders; but it was far from being the usual noisy, laughing time.

It has been said that the greatest curse to each of the South Sea Islands was the first man who discovered it.

The white men, with their vices, having brought in diseases before unknown to the islanders, which are now sweeping off the native population of the Sandwich Islands at the rate of one-fortieth of the entire population annually.

The curse of a people calling themselves Christian seems to follow them everywhere. Even here, in this obscure place, lay two young islanders, whom I had left strong, active young men, in the vigour of health, wasting away under a disease which they would never have known but for their intercourse with Christianised Mexico and people from Christian America.

One of them was not so ill, and was moving about, smoking his pipe and talking, and trying to keep up his spirits; but the other, who was my friend, and *Aikane*—Hope—was the most dreadful object I had ever seen in my life.

His cheeks fallen in against his teeth, his hands looking like claws; a dreadful cough, which seemed to rack his whole shattered system, a hollow, whispering voice, and an entire inability to move himself.

There he lay, upon a mat on the ground, which was the only floor of the oven, with no medicine, no comforts, and no one to care for or help him but a few Kanakas, who were willing

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 17

enough, but could do nothing. The sight of him made me sick and faint.

When I came into the oven he looked at me, held out his hand, and said in a low voice, but with a delightful smile, "*Aloha, Aikane! Aloha nui!*" I comforted him as well as I could, and promised to ask the captain to help him from the medicine-chest.

The next day I told the captain of Hope's state, and asked him if he would be so kind as to go and see him.

"What! a Kanaka?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "but he has worked four years for our vessels."

The captain used a brutal expression and walked off.

This same man died afterwards of a fever on the deadly coast of Sumatra. God grant he had better care taken of him in his sufferings than he ever gave to any one else! Finding nothing was to be got from the captain, I went to the mate and told him the case.

He said that Hope was not strictly one of the crew; but as he was in our employ when taken sick he should have the necessary medicines; and he got them and gave them to me, with leave to go ashore at night.

Poor Hope was so much revived at the bare thought of anything being done for him that he was already stronger and better.

I knew he must die as he was, and he could but die under the medicines, and any chance was worth running. The applications, internal and external, were powerful, and I gave him strict directions to keep warm and sheltered, telling him it was his only chance for life.

Twice after this I visited him, having only time to run up while waiting in the boat.

We got under way on the 10th, bound up to San Pedro, and had three days of calm and headwinds, making but little progress.

Arrived at San Pedro on the fourth day, and came to in the old place a league from shore, with no other vessel in port, and the prospect of three weeks or more of dull life, rolling goods up a slippery hill, carrying hides on our heads over sharp stones, and perhaps slipping for a south-easter. There was but one man in the only house here, and him I shall always remember as a good specimen of a California ranger.

He had been a tailor in Philadelphia, and getting intemperate and in debt he joined a trapping party, and went to the Columbia River, and thence down to Monterey, where he spent everything, left his party, and came to the Pueblo de los Angeles to work at his trade.

Here he went dead to leeward among the pulpeiras, gambling-rooms, etc., and came down to San Pedro to be moral by being out of temptation.

After we had been here some time he started off one morning in fine spirits, well dressed, to carry the clothes which he had been making to the Pueblo, and saying he would bring back his money and some fresh orders the next day.

The next day came, and a week passed, and nearly a fortnight, when one day, going ashore, we saw a tall man, who looked like our friend the tailor, getting out of the back of an Indian's cart, which had just come down from the Pueblo.

Such a sight I never saw before. Barefooted, with an old pair of trousers tied round his waist by a piece of green hide, a soiled cotton shirt, and a torn Indian hat—"cleaned out" to the last real, and completely "used up,"

He confessed the whole matter; acknowledged that he was on his back; and now he had a prospect of a fit of the horrors for a week, and of being worse than useless for months.

One of the same stamp was Russell, who was master of this hide-house at San Diego while I was there, and afterwards turned away for his misconduct.

He spent his own money and nearly all the stores among the half-bloods upon the beach, and, being turned away, went up to the Presidio, where he lived the life of a desperate "loafer," until some rascally deed sent him off "between two days," with men on horseback, dogs, and Indians in full cry after him among the hills.

went off in the gig, and found the agent's clerk, who had been up to the Pueblo, waiting at the landing-place, with a package under his arm, covered with brown paper, and tied carefully with twine.

No sooner had we shoved off than he told us there was good news from Santa Barbara.

"What's that?" said one of the crew; "has the agent slipped off the hooks?"

"No; better than that. The California has arrived."

Letters, papers, news, and, perhaps—friends, on board! Our hearts were all up in our mouths, and we pulled away like good fellows; for the precious packet could not be opened except by the captain.

Instantly there was a confusion on board which no one could account for who has not been in the same situation. All discipline seemed for a moment relaxed. The packet was sent down into the



Mother and twins chosen to represent "Spirit of Tomorrow" for Luton's stay-at-home holiday event. Bedfordshire women have selected Mrs. Evelyn McAleer and her 5½-months-old twins, Robert and Barbara, as representatives of radiant youth, to grace the holiday-at-home events at Luton. Fifty mothers and babies were in the running as candidates in the mother and baby ensemble selection, and the beauty of Mrs. McAleer and her twins received the almost unanimous vote of hundreds of women.

One night he burst into our room at the hide-house, breathless, pale as a ghost, covered with mud, and torn by thorns and briars, nearly naked, and begged for a crust of bread, saying he had neither eaten nor slept for three days.

Here was the great Mr. Russell begging food and shelter of Kanakas and sailors. He stayed with us till he gave himself up and was dragged off to the calabozo.

ONE afternoon a signal was made from the shore, and we

cabin, and every one waited to hear of the result.

As nothing came up, the officers began to feel that they were acting rather a child's part, and turned the crew to again; and the same strict discipline was restored, which prohibits speech between man and man while at work on deck; so that when the steward came forward with letters for the crew, each man took his letters, carried them down to his chest, and came up again immediately; and not a letter was read until we had cleared up decks for the night.

An overstrained sense of manliness is the characteristic of seafaring men, or, rather, of life on

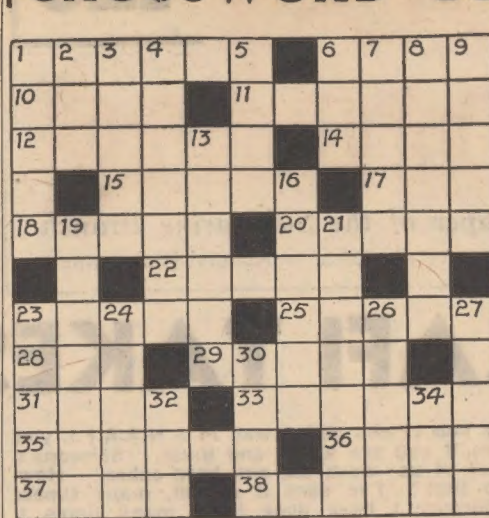
board ship. This often gives an appearance of want of feeling, and even of cruelty.

From this, if a man comes within an ace of breaking his neck, and escapes, it is made a joke of; and no notice must be taken of a bruise or a cut; and any expression of pity or any show of attention would look sisterly, and unbecoming to a man who has to face the rough and tumble of such a life.

From this, too, the sick are neglected at sea, and whatever sailors may be ashore, a sick man finds little sympathy or attention, forward or aft.

A moment of natural feeling for home and friends, and then the frigid routine of sea-life

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Wine.
- 6 Saucy.
- 10 Exude.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 12 Plaster.
- 14 Granted.
- 15 Trundles.
- 17 Study.
- 18 Sorting utensil.
- 20 Vigilant.
- 22 Big bird.
- 23 Spruce.
- 25 Letter.
- 28 The girl.
- 29 Portion of opera.
- 31 Boy's name.
- 33 Correctly.
- 35 Attack.
- 36 Approach.
- 37 Lengths.
- 38 Provide with feathers.

CRAWL EXACT
HOW TAN RUE
ABATE CHEER
FLICK REFRAIN
FLEX ESTIMATE
O TWIST O
ABSURD ISMS
B PRESENT E
ALLEN AGILE
PEN CUR FIED
TEETH LOFTY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Legal expenses.
- 2 Large number.
- 3 Colour.
- 4 Retrieve.
- 5 Hammer.
- 6 Animal.
- 7 Avoid.
- 8 Contrary.
- 9 English river.
- 13 Tightening wedges.
- 16 Tray.
- 19 Dip.
- 21 Like a lion.
- 23 Bundle.
- 24 Occur.
- 26 Carried on.
- 27 Unit of capacity.
- 30 Young animal.
- 32 Whip.
- 34 Haridan.

WANGLING WORDS—367

1. Put rent in SS and make a shop.
2. In the following popular song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Ni mite eb palpe oyul ihw tsolmobs.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: *BOOT* into *SHOE* and then back again into *BOOT*, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden drinks in: *How placid Ermintrude is, but not practical, even at home*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 366

1. CleanSE.
2. Don't go down in the mine, Daddy.
3. ROPE, role, roll, toll, toil, COIL, cool, pool, pole, pops, ROPE.
4. Pea-ch, Or-ange.

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them,
Will always be
A marvel and a mystery to
the world.
Longfellow.

returned. Jokes were made upon those who showed any interest in the expected news, and everything near and dear was made common stock for rude jokes and unfeeling coarseness, to which no exception could be taken by any one.

Supper, too, must be eaten before the letters were read; and when at last they were brought out, they all got round any one who had a letter, and expected to have it read aloud and have it all in common.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A rebec is a bird, young Jewess, Russian biscuit, Moorish fiddle, animal?
2. What does "rap" mean in the phrase, "Not worth a rap"?
3. What common chemical element is black when it is solid, brown when liquid, and violet when vapourised?
4. What is the capital of Ceylon?
5. What colour is alizarin?
6. For what girls' names are the following "short"? Mag, Effie, Dot, Sophy.

Answers to Quiz in No. 427

1. Part of a building.
2. Leo (Lion), Libra (Scales).
3. Cork.
4. Zambesi.
5. Brownish-crimson.
6. Redope.

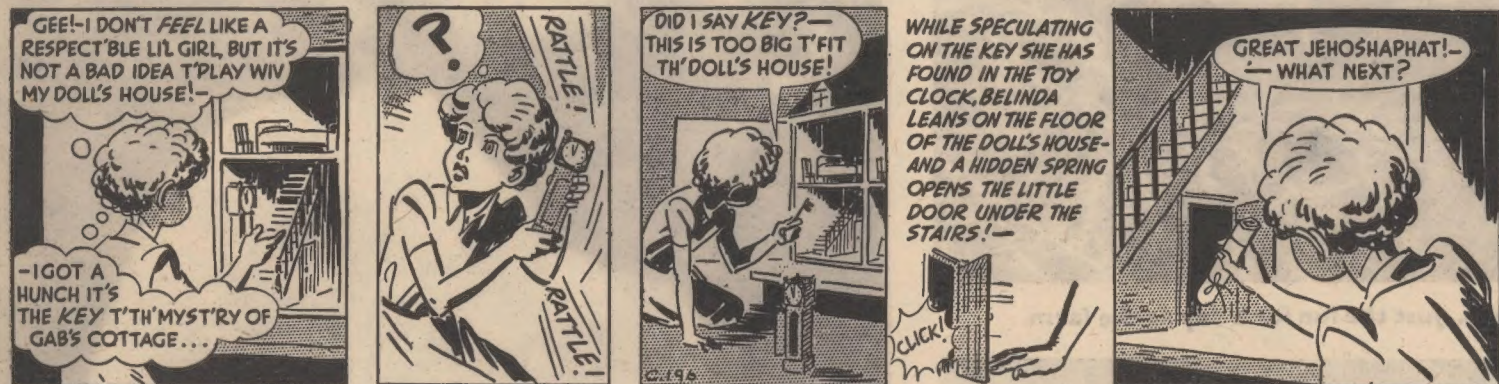
JANE



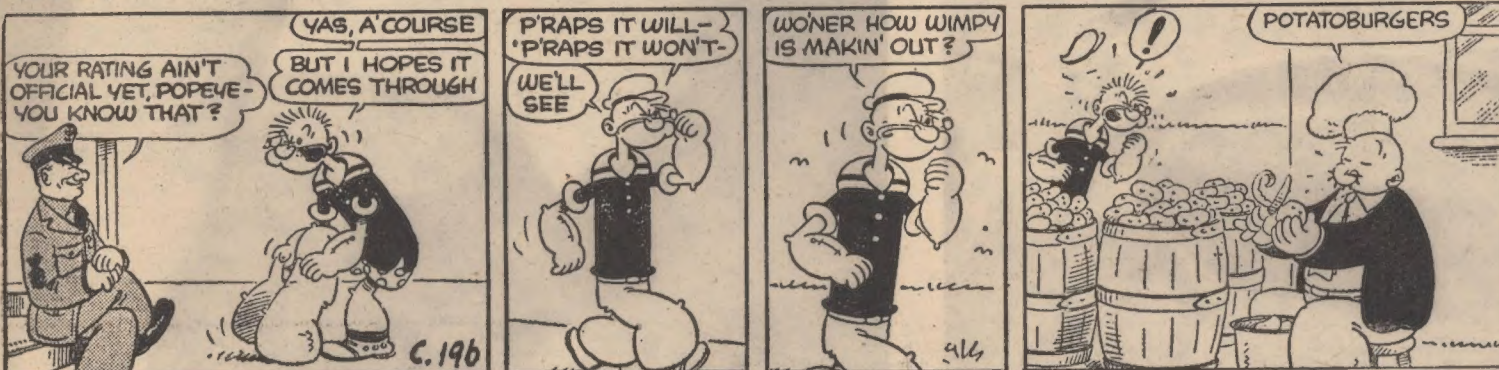
BEELZEBUB JONES



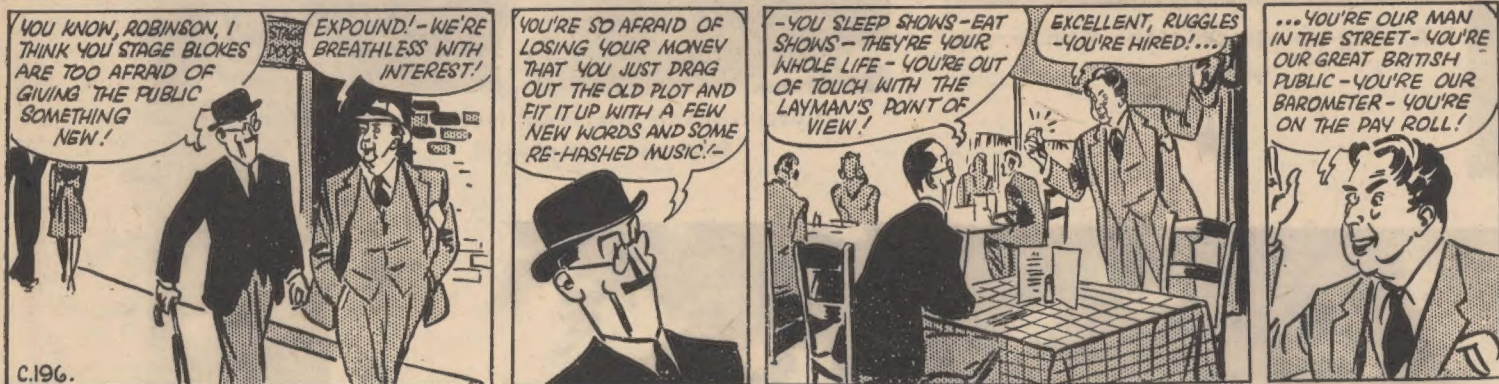
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

TWO questions: Have you reached the age of twenty-one years? Do you want a vote at the next election?

Presuming the answer is "Yes" to both questions, here is the answer:

You get form S1300D from your depot, fill it in, and get an officer to sign it. If you are an officer, get an officer senior to you to sign.

If you are now serving abroad or likely to go overseas, you should fill in Part Two on the back of the card, which will enable you to vote by proxy—deputing some adult at home to vote for you. In this latter case you should appoint a second proxy, in case the first one is unable or unwilling to act.

You must give the name of the constituency in which you normally reside, and it is essential that your proxies reside there also. You must not allocate your proxy to anyone who is already the proxy for someone else, unless it is husband, wife, parent, brother, sister, grandfather or grandmother.

It will be possible for you to cancel the proxy if you return to home service, and to vote either in person or by post. If the proxy dies before the election, you can obtain another form and appoint a 'replace proxy'.

Both the Government and the political parties regard it as of the utmost importance that every Serviceman claims his right to a vote. For two reasons:

There may be a General Election—determining the kind of Britain for which you are fighting—sooner than is generally expected; and

If a Serviceman does not claim his vote, as set out above, he will be disfranchised at the election.

So, although I am not permitted to tell you what to do with your vote, that's how you can get it.

ONE would have thought the tomato season an inappropriate time to wear a high hat, but the Plymouth Watch Committee is doing that—and getting pelted.

The trouble is all about women; they want to drive taxis in the town on account of the male shortage, and the Committee reply: 'I know that women are driving hackney carriages in some other towns, but in a naval and military centre the circumstances are not quite the same.'

Taxi boss J. S. Denling comes back: "There are women in this neighbourhood driving four-ton lorries on night shifts. Anyway, we intended to employ staid married women and did not anticipate any trouble."

Do you find this cold, as it leaves me?

IT'S easier getting around these days, because the signposts and distance boards have been replaced.

Since Home Secretary Herbert Morrison lifted the ban, shop, lorry and place names have been replaced.

Orders previously in force prohibited the display of any sign indicating the name, situation, direction or distance of any place if the sign could be read and understood from a highway, railway train or low-flying aircraft.

Prohibition of such signs, under the new order, is limited to those which can be seen and understood from low-flying aircraft, although, as hitherto, large-scale signs exhibited on prominent buildings, such as factories, warehouses, institutions, etc., will be clearly ruled out.

SUPPORTERS of the Ipswich F.C. are recalling how, at the last annual meeting of the club, Col. John M. Cobbold, who lost his life by enemy action in Southern England recently, wrote out a cheque for £11,195 to enable the club to be debt-free when football was re-started after the war.

Chairman Col. Cobbold was by no means merely a figurehead, and it was he who brought about the successful launching of the first professional club in Suffolk and the election of Ipswich Town to the Football League.

DR. JOAD, sometimes Professor Joad, when on holiday, explained to some friends that he was "a fugitive from a brain-gang."

Ron Richards

Good
Morning



A game of hide and seek in the haystack. Just the fun for a day at the farm.



A wing-tip attack in the Gull family quarrel.



Luscious Ann Sheridan, Hollywood's famous oomph-girl.



★ ★ ★
"Gosh, if my neck gets thinner, I'm sure going to lose my head."
★ ★ ★



This England

Grey stone cottages and a fine old Norman church in the Cotswold village of Hampnett.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wish I had a giraffe neck."

